Gard R

(1)

JEFF DAVIS

NARRATOR: You hear about the fellows who get their names in the papers. You hear about the story-book heroes, too....but there are heroes just as real to the history of this nation.....

VOICE: What is a hero, Mister?

ANOTHER VOICE: Yeah. Whatta mean, hero? A brave guy?

Ist VOICE: A big guy?

THIRD VOICE: A guy that can knock your block off?

Ist VOICE; Whatta you mean, hero?

NARRATOR: Hero? Well, friend, let's call a hero anybody who believes in his heart that he's right about somethin'; and who's willin' to do anything....die, if necessary, for what he believes.

Ist VOICE: That takes in some territory, Mister.

2nd VOICE: It sure takes in my neighbor. Let his cows into my wheat, he did. Said he was right doin' it, too... cause my pigs had et up his chickens. Was he a hero?

NARRATOR: Now listen, fellows, I didn't come here to get into an argument. I came here to tell you about Jeff Davis.

VOICE: Who?

NARRATOR: Jeff Davis.

VOICE: Feller that was president of the Confederacy durin' the American Civil War?

NARRATOR: No. I mean the Jeff Davis who was just a simple bullwhacker, teamster, wagonman in the days when the West was growin' up.....

ALL VOICES: Ohhhhh!. That Jeff Davis!!

VOICE: (Singing)

Away out West there lived a man
His toil-worn back was bowed....
From freightin' on the Benton Trail
'twixt Benton and Fort Macleod....

That ol' trail was a wearisome thing
Full many a and long
day
Twelve mile a day if the goin' was good
If bad it was twice as long.

Jeff's wagon train was a full mile string
His teams were eleven yoke
He hollered a lot at the humberin' beasts,
But a harsh word he never spoke.....

One day when Jeff was gettin' old
He come rollin' into Macleod
The Company manager spoke up to him
In a voice that was not very loud....

SOUND: WAGONS

MANAGER: Jeff.....Jeff Davis...

JEFF: Ho...Whoa thare....

SOUND STOPS

JEFF: Howdy, Walter..

MANAGER: Jeff, somethin' here I want you to see. Kind of hate to show you....

JEFF: Dockin' my pay?

MANAGER: No....No, not exactly..

JEFF: What is't then?

MANAGER: Got a letter here. Come this mornin'.. Listen, Jeff..

" To Manager, I.. G.. Baker Co.. Macleod, North West Territories.....Dismantle all Bull teams.. Shipping will henceforward be done by rail." Well, Jeff....

JEFF: Yeah.. Been expectin' that. Well, times change.. Here today, gone tommorry.....This.....this's my last trip?

MANAGER: I guess so, Jeff. I'm sorry.

JEFF: Don't feel sorry fer me. Just one thing. What about my steers?

MANAGER: I wanted to see you about that, too. You see, I didn't quite finish this letter. Says here: " Get Davis to drive the steers to the Company ranch. Fatten them up for slaughter."

JEFF: (Bitterly) 'Tain't enough to take my job away from me. They got to make me drive my steers out fer killin', too.

MANAGER: Said I was sorry, Jeff.

JEFF: I love them steers.....on them long pulls, got to know em pretty good. Guess they knowed me, too. A,l right. I'l drive 'em out there.

MANAGER: Thanks, Jeff. Better start ~~xxx~~ tomorrow.

BALLAD SINGER:

Jeff wandered along to the barroom
To ease his achin' heart....
And whom should he meet with his foot on the rail
but an Englishman named Bart.

Now Bart was a joyful companion
He had only one fault to his name
His thirst had begun when he was quite young
They'd sent him abroad for the same.....

BART: Hello Jeff

JEFF: Howdy Bart.

BART: Just in from Benton, aren't you?

JEFF: Yeah. Just in.

BART: I suppose you couldn't let me have a dollar or two, Jeff. I've run clean out of the filthy stuff.

JEFF: Again? What happened to the last remittance you got from folks sent you
home? As I recall your xxxx a couple of thousand dolars just last month..

BART: Oh, gone two weeks ago,, Jeff.. Lost it.

JEFF: Your folks are going to stop sendin' you money one of these days. Don't they ever ask what' you're doin' with it?

BART: Sure.. Last month I was developin' my big herd of gophers.. This month I sent home some fine photographs of the herds on th Bar U.. Told my folks the cattle were mine.. That should pay off handsomely,, don't you think?

JEFF: You folks are going to catch onto you,, Bart..

BART: Maybe.. How about that loan..

JEFF: Sure,, here's five dollars.

BART: Thanks.. Now,, have a drink with me..

JEFF: Bart,, why don't you get a job?

BART: Might at that.. Foreman out at the I.. G.. Baker Ranch offered me one last night.. Said I could be some kind of a helper....thought I might try it till my xxxxx remittance comes.. Might be amusing don't you think..

JEFF: Yeah.. Might see you out there.. I'm going out myself,, tomorrow.....

BALLAD SINGER:

The follow'n day when the sun had set
and the boys had come in from the range...
The Company foreman he said to his wife:
Old Jeff xxxxx come.. Ain't that strange?
hasn't

FOREMAN'S WIFE: Oh,, Bill,, I wouldn't worry about Jeff..

FOTEMAN: Well,, the manager in Macleod told me Jeff was bringin out those steers today..

FOREMAN'S WIFE: He'll be here.. Come on,, get ready for supper..

FOREMAN: Well,, I xxx worried .. Jeff's gettin' on.
am

FOREMAN'S WIFE: I feel pretty sorry for him myself. Poor old thing...and everybody knows how he loved those steers..

FOREMAN: Matter of business. Can't think of sentiment in business..

FOREMAN'S WIFE: I s'pose not. Poor old fellow..

FOREMAN: I'll put some fat on those steers by fall. They'll never be much good for meat, but the Company don't figure to lose anything if they can help it..

KNOCK AT DOOR

FOREMAN: Come in!. DOOR OPENS) Oh. Jeff. We were just talking about you. Where're the steers?

JEFF: Left 'em about five miles out..

FOREMAN: You left 'em?

JEFF: Grazed 'em slow and easy,, Bill. They're all right.. I'll bring 'em on in tomorrow.. Figured I'd get some grub,, then I'll ride back out there and stay with 'em tonight if you want me to..

FOREMAN: